

my LITTLE PONY

CLASSICS
Reimagined

INSPIRED BY
LOUISA MAY ALCOTT'S
LITTLE WOMEN



Little Fillies

MEGAN BROWN • JENNA AYOUB



Little Fillies

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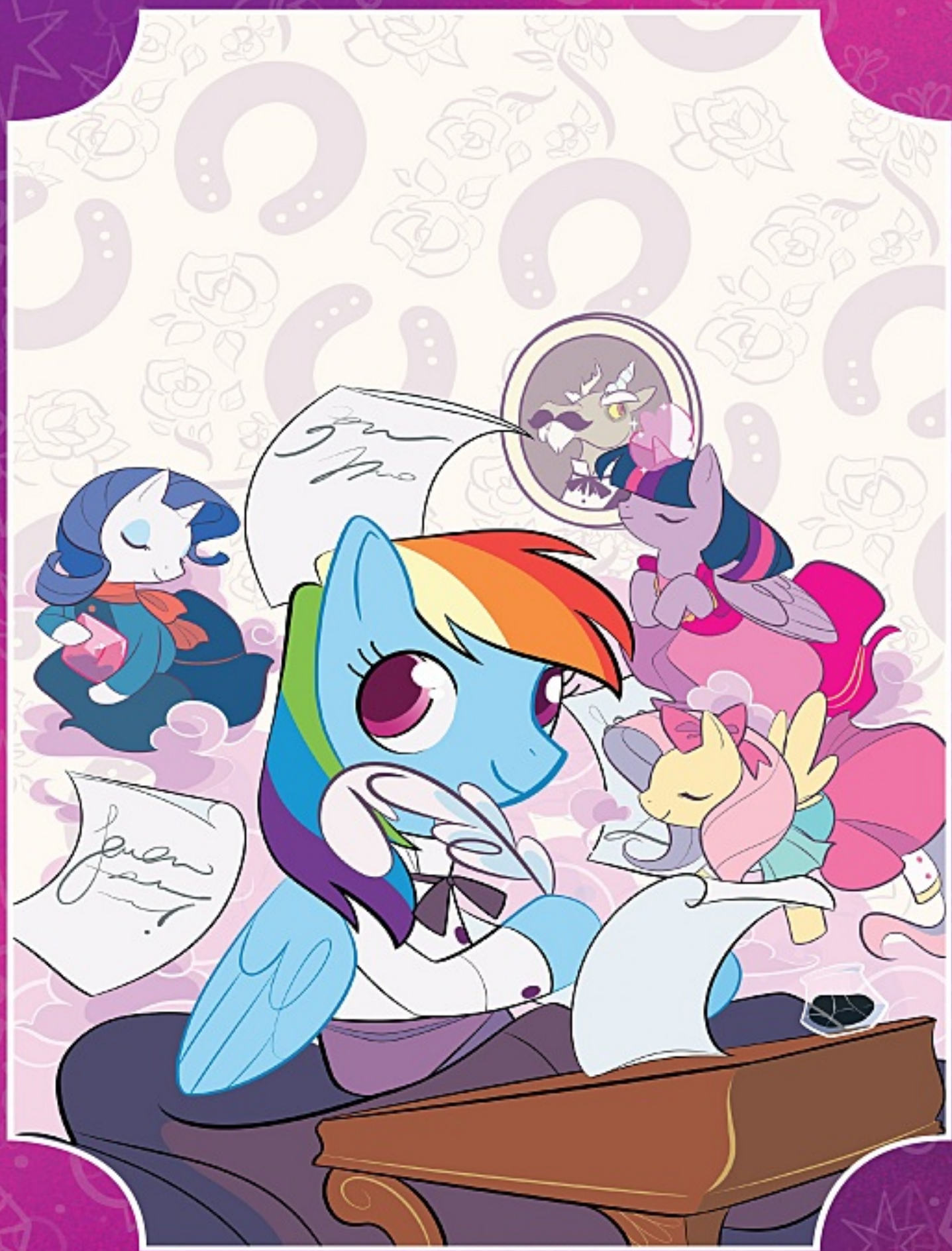
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ART BY JENNA AYOUB



"--AND WAS THE ONLY THING STANDING BETWEEN THE EVIL DR. CAVALCANTE AND HIS PLAN TO SELL THE RING OF EVERLASTING HEAT TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER!"



STOP RIGHT THERE, DR. CAVALCANTE! I WON'T LET YOU SELL THE RING OF EVERLASTING HEAT TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER!

WELL, WELL, WELL! IF IT ISN'T THE FAMOUS EXPLORER-SLASH-ADVENTURER **RAINBOW DASH!**

YOU MISTAKE MY PLAN... I DO NOT INTEND TO SELL THE RING OF EVERLASTING HEAT TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER.

ONCE I REUNITE THIS FIFTH RING WITH ITS FOUR BRETHREN--WHICH I HAVE ACQUIRED THROUGH SIMILARLY UNSAVORY MEANS IN OTHER ADVENTURES OF WHICH IT IS NOT IMPORTANT TO DISCUSS--

--THE WORLD WILL DESCEND INTO 1,000 YEARS OF UNRELENTING HEAT! A HEAT THAT WILL ONLY STOP IF I AM **PAID!**

MWU-HA-HA-HA!

NOT GONNA HAPPEN, CAVALCANTE! THAT RING DOESN'T BELONG TO YOU! I'M GONNA SEND IT BACK HOME AND KICK YOUR GREEDY BUTT IN THE PROCESS!



YOU FORGET, RAINBOW DASH, FAMOUS EXPLORER-SLASH-ADVENTURER! AFTER NEARLY FIFTEEN OTHER RUN-INS,* I KNOW ALL YOUR TRICKS! YOU WON'T STOP ME THIS TIME! I--

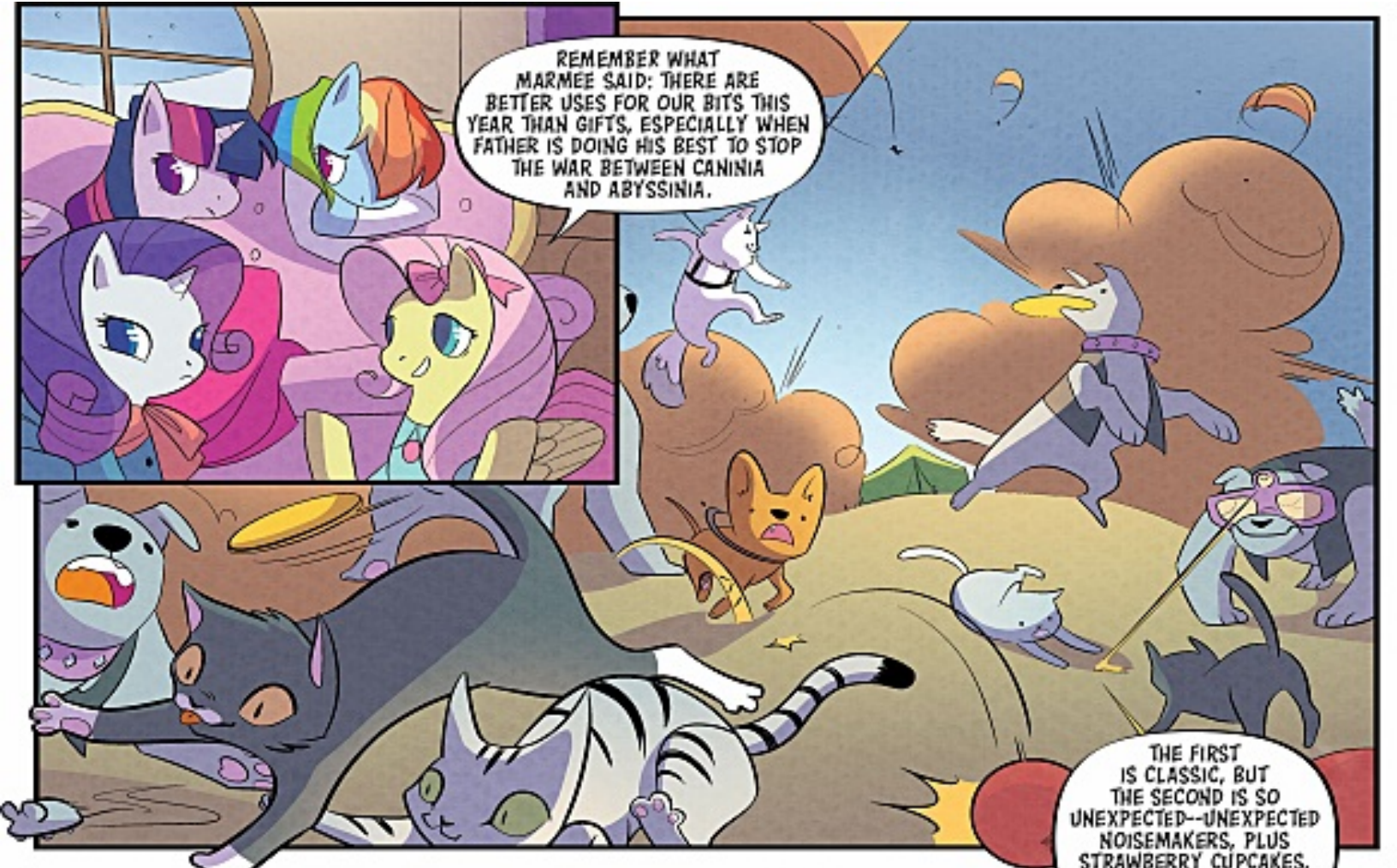
"UM, I'M SORRY, JO. BUT ARE YOU SURE YOU DIDN'T READ THIS ONE ALREADY?"

*SEE THE PONYVILLE CLUB BACK ISSUES #3-11-ED.









REMEMBER WHAT MARMEE SAID: THERE ARE BETTER USES FOR OUR BITS THIS YEAR THAN GIFTS, ESPECIALLY WHEN FATHER IS DOING HIS BEST TO STOP THE WAR BETWEEN CANINIA AND ABYSSINIA.

THE FIRST IS CLASSIC, BUT THE SECOND IS SO UNEXPECTED--UNEXPECTED NOISEMAKERS, PLUS STRAWBERRY CUPCAKES, PLUS BALLOON ANIMALS EQUALS...CARRY THE ONE...



WH-EEEEEE-
BLARG

CHEESE SANDWi--ER, I MEAN, MR. MARCH! THE ABYSSINIANS ARE WARMING UP FOR THEIR BIG MUSICAL NUMBER! THEY HAVE A RAILWAY CAT!

YES, BUT I WOULDN'T SAY NO TO SOME NEW CASHMERE. JUST IMAGINE HOW FINE OUR DOLLS WOULD LOOK!

ER, WELL--

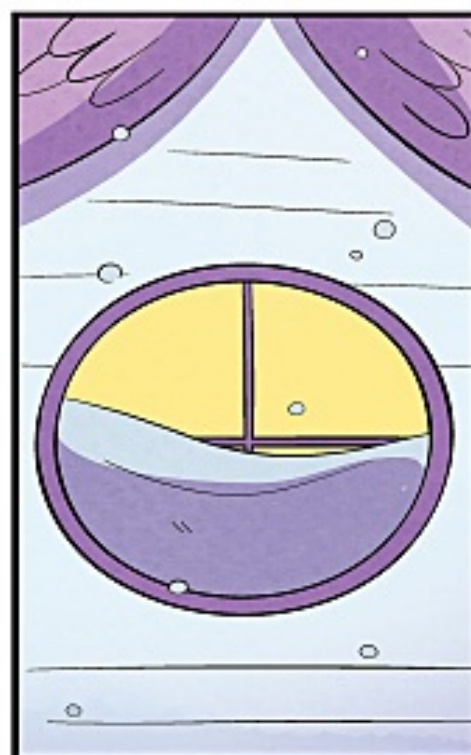
THIS CALLS FOR DRASTIC MEASURES. WHERE ARE THE CHARCUTERIE BOARDS?!

HAS IT ALREADY COME TO THIS?!



WHAT WOULD YOU WANT, BETH, IF WE WERE GETTING GIFTS?













HORSE
D'OEUVRES?

TALKING
TO YOURSELF IS
A BAD SIGN, YOU
KNOW. WHY DON'T
YOU JUST USE
A THOUGHT
BUBBLE?

WHAT
HAPPENED TO
YOUR FANCY
PANTS
MANSION?

THERE WERE NO
PANTS INVOLVED, THANK
YOU VERY MUCH. BESIDES,
SOME PONY'S GOT TO KEEP THE
PAGES TURNING, NARRATIVELY
SPEAKING--WHICH REMINDS ME,
YOU SHOULD SKEDDADLE
OVER TO STAGE LEFT.

WHY? WHAT'S
BACK THERE, HUH?
A TRICK? A PRANK?
AN AMBUSH?

I AM ABSOLUTELY
GUTTED THAT AFTER ALL
WE'VE BEEN THROUGH, YOU
DON'T TRUST ME! NOW, IF
YOU'LL EXCUSE MOI, I HEAR
THE MICROWAVE.









YEEAAAAH...I DON'T
HAVE ANYTHING PUBLISHED
OFFICIALLY YET, THOUGH. JUST
A FEW INSTALLMENTS OF SOME
STORIES THAT WERE PICKED UP
BY A...LOCAL PAPER. IT'S KIND
OF NICHE. YOU'VE PROBABLY
NEVER HEARD OF IT.*









"JUST WHEN ALL HOPE SEEMED LOST--"



"--RAINBOW DASH FLEW FASTER THAN SHE'D EVER FLOWN BEFORE, BREAKING THE SONIC RAINBOOM BARRIER AND IMMEDIATELY SETTING AT LEAST FIVE--NO SIX--WORLD RECORDS!"



"TOGETHER, SHE AND APPLEJACK RACED DOWN THE CANAL TO--"

"JO!!!"



--WHAT THE HECK HAPPENED TO YOU?

I MAY OR MAY NOT HAVE SPRAINED MY WING ATTEMPTING TO OUT-SPELL THE GREAT AND POWERFUL TRIxie...

...AND I LOST MY WIG.

BAM

CAN WE GO HOME?



YOU'RE ANOTHER MISS MARCH, AIN'T YA? C'MON, I'LL HELP.

IT'S JUST MEG. AND THANK YOU. I DON'T KNOW WHAT CAME OVER ME, BUT I JUST HAD TO BEAT TRIxie--







"RAINBOW DASH FLEW FASTER THAN SHE'D EVER FLOWN BEFORE..."





ART BY AGNES GARBOWSKA COLORS BY SILVANA BRYs



ART BY JENNA AYOUB









LATER...

IT WAS REALLY NICE OF LAURIE TO GIVE US SUCH A WONDERFUL GIFT FOR LETTING HER JOIN THE PC.

YES, BUT WHAT GOOD IS A BOX WITHOUT ANY SHOES, DARLING?

IT'S A MAILBOX, AMY.

FIGURED I'D BE THE FIRST ONE TO BREAK IT IN! I'M ALMOST FINISHED WITH THE LAST PART OF RAINBOW DASH AND THE ETERNAL HEATWAVE*--

HAVE YOU CHANGED VERY MUCH?

*SEE ISSUE ONE FOR THE THRILLING DETAILS. --ED.

HOW CAN SOMETHING YOU'VE WRITTEN BE RIGHT?

YES, DARLING, TWO WRITES DON'T MAKE A WRONG.

BUT THREE RIGHTS MAKE A LEFT...

WELL... I THOUGHT ABOUT GIVING RAINBOW DASH A PARTNER NAMED APPLEJACK, BUT DARING DO NEVER HAD A PARTNER, SO I, UH, ENDED UP... NOT. I DUNNO. IT DIDN'T FEEL RIGHT.

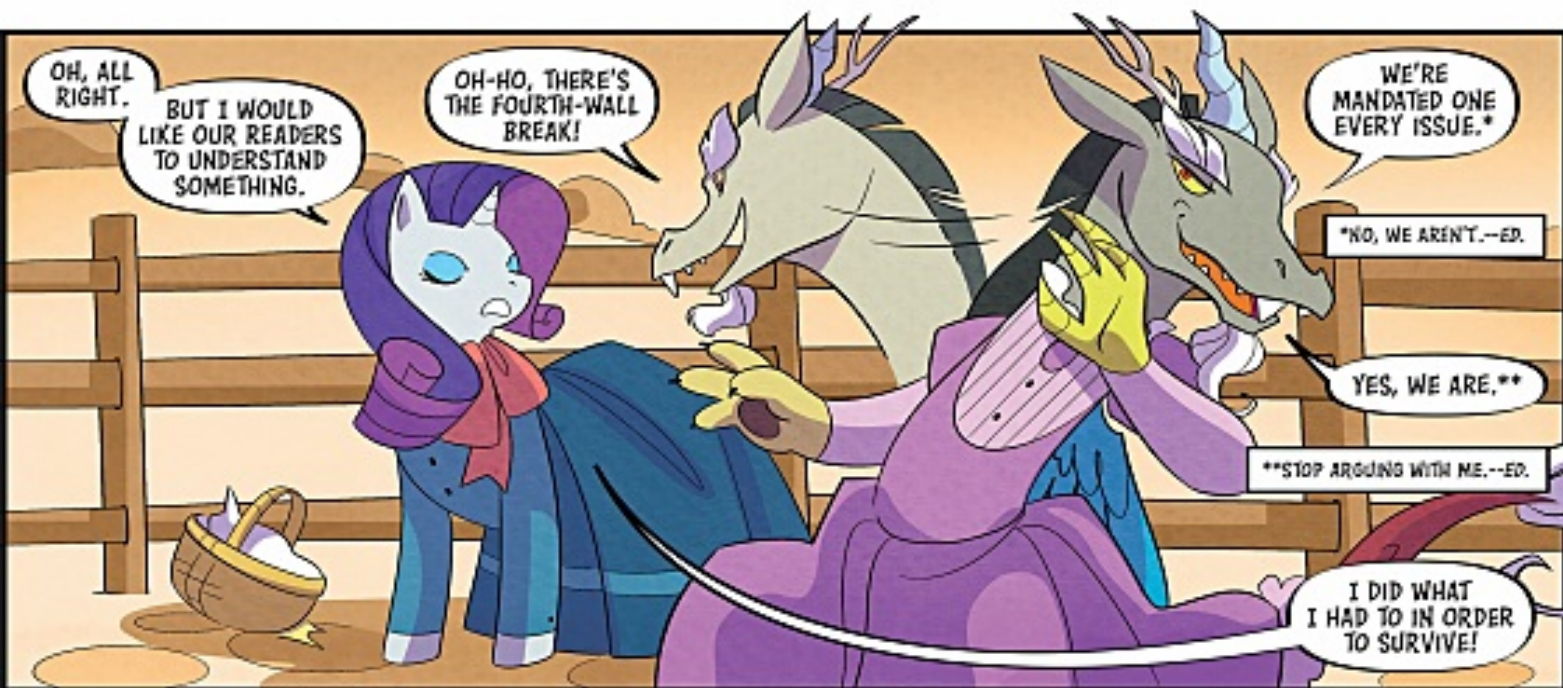
WILD A BUNNY APPEARS

OHMYGOSH, AREN'T YOU JUST THE CUTEST, SWEETEST, MOST PERFECT LITTLE BEASTIE THAT EVER DID HOP, SKIP, OR JUMP--

THERE YOU ARE, YOU SCOUNDREL! MISS BETH, I SEE YOU'VE MET ANGEL BUNNY. I'VE BEEN LOOKIN' ALL OVER FOR HIM.

LITTLE RASCAL SEEMS TO HAVE TAKEN QUITE A LIKIN' TA YA. WHAT SAY YOU MOSEY ON OVER, AND I CAN SHOW YA HOW TO FEED 'IM? THESE OL' BONES AIN'T WHAT THEY USED TA BE.





AMY'S JOURNAL.

BETH MAY BE QUITE THE ANIMAL WRANGLER, BUT I'VE ALWAYS BEEN RATHER FOND OF CATS.

I'VE BEEN ASKING MEG TO TEACH ME HER EMERALD-FINDING SPELL FOR WEEKS, BUT SHE KEEPS LOOKING DOWN AT ME FROM THE TOP OF THE STAIRCASE AND WHISPERING...

"NO."

YOU SEE, AT SCHOOL IT'S QUITE THE FASHION TO GIFT GEMS TO THOSE YOU LIKE AND ADMIRE. I'VE COLLECTED EVER-SO-MANY RUBIES, DIAMONDS, AND SAPPHIRES THIS WAY--

STOP SKULKING, AMY, MARMEE MADE HER FAMOUS SEVEN-LAYER UPSIDE-DOWN PINEAPPLE DIP CAKE!

I DO NOT SKULK!
I AM VENGEANCE!
I AM THE NIGHT!

BUT NO EMERALDS. YOU SEE, DARLINGS, NO PONY HAS EVER BROUGHT IN EMERALDS.

I KNEW THAT IF I COULD SECURE THESE EMERALDS AND PASS THEM OUT, I WOULD BE THE MOST POPULAR PONY IN MY GRADE.

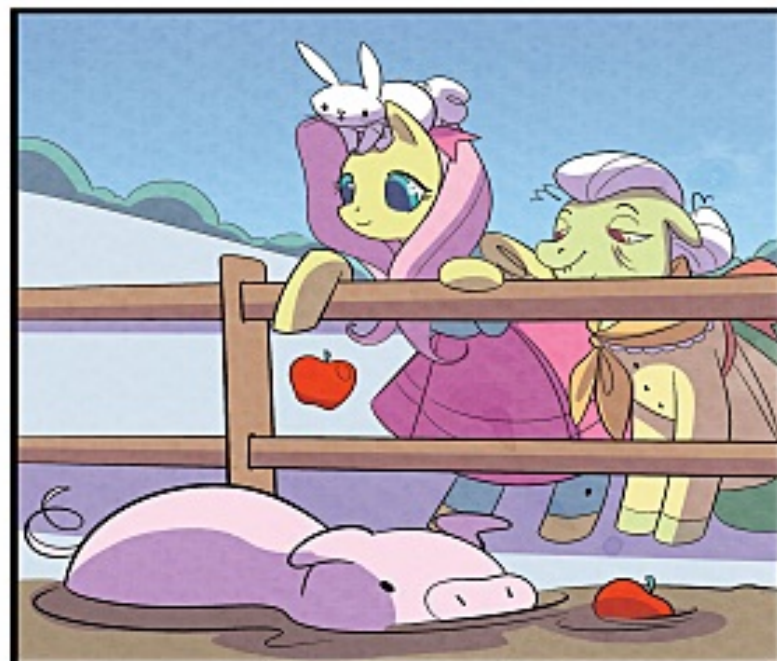
AND NO PONY WOULD THINK I DIDN'T HAVE SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO SAY, THEN.

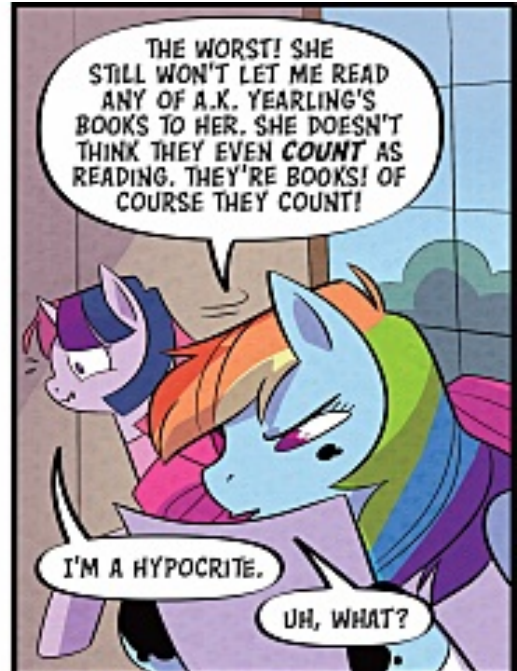
TOTALLY NOT A
HIDING PLACE

GOING GREEN:
EMERALDS,
EMERALD FINDING,
AND YOU.

SO I TOOK MATTERS INTO MY OWN HOOVES.

ON SECOND THOUGHT, MAYBE I'LL TAKE THE STAIRS.





"SOMEONY TOLD HIM I WAS PASSING OUT GEMS DURING CLASS SO HE CALLED ME UP IN FRONT OF EVERYONY AND MADE ME FEED ALL MY EMERALDS TO SPIKE!"

"HE TOLD ME THAT GIVING WITH AN ULTERIOR MOTIVE WASN'T REALLY GIVING AT ALL!"

"AND THIS, AFTER HE HELPED ME STEA--ER, *BORROW* YOUR FINDING SPELL, MEG!"

YOU WHAT.

THIS COMMITMENT TO THE SOURCE MATERIAL SIMPLY CANNOT CONTINUE.

I MEAN, I DO THINK WE'RE TAKING A FEW LIBERTIES...

LIBERTY *THIS!* READ IT AND WEEP, I'M DONE! I FINALLY FINISHED RAINBOW DASH AND THE ETERNAL HEATWAVE!

THAT'S WONDERFUL! AND JUST IN TIME, TOO. WE'VE GOT TO GO MEET LAURIE OR WE'LL BE LATE FOR THE PLAY.

PLAY? WHAT PLAY?

YOU KNOW, *THE* PLAY.

THE PLAY!

LAURIE INVITED US.

JUST US.

OH, BUT JO! I'VE HAD THE MOST AWFUL DAY! I NEED SOME FUN. A PLAY WOULD BE JUST THE THING--

LAURIE ONLY GOT THREE TICKETS.

THERE SHOULD BE FOUR TICKETS! I DISTINCTLY REMEMBER THERE BEING FOUR TICKETS IN THE ORIGINAL BOOK--

YOU WERE JUST COMPLAINING ABOUT US FOLLOWING THINGS TOO CLOSELY!

YES, BUT THAT WAS BEFORE *THE PLAY!*

LAURIE GOT US THREE TICKETS, AND THAT'S *THAT*. IF YOU COME, YOU'LL RUIN IT. JUST LIKE YOUR EMERALDS.

OH, YOU'LL BE SORRY FOR THIS, JO MARCH!

DOOR SLAM

"GIVE ME THE MAP PIECE, AND I'LL THROW YOU THE ROPE!"

DARING DO AND THE SEVEN CASTLES OF DIAMOND LAKE!
ONE NIGHT ONLY!

NEVER!

THEN YOU WILL BE CONSUMED BY THE FIERY DEATH ALREADY RACING TOWARD YOU!

I'VE SPENT MY ENTIRE LIFE STUDYING THE SECRET OF THE SEVEN CASTLES—EACH ONE HOLDS A PIECE OF THE MAP THAT WILL LEAD US SAFELY TO THE TREASURE OF DIAMOND LAKE. YOU MIGHT GET THIS ONE, BUT WITHOUT **MY** HELP AND **MY** JOURNAL, YOU'LL NEVER MANAGE TO SURVIVE LONG ENOUGH TO GET THE REST!

THEN IT APPEARS WE ARE AT AN IMPASSE!

PERHAPS WE SHOULD...WORK TOGETHER?

THE DIALOGUE'S A BIT CLUNKY, ISN'T IT?





"I JUST WANNA WRITE LIKE A.K. YEARLING."



BUT, JO, ALL THAT STUFF'S ALREADY BEEN WRITTEN.

DON'T REMIND ME. I MEAN, HOW COULD ANYTHING I MAKE EVER STACK UP AGAINST THAT?!

NEW ROADS ARE SCARY, FER SURE, BUT I RECKON YOU SHOULD WRITE THE STUFF THAT SCARES YOU. THAT'S THE STUFF WORTH WRITIN'.



'SIDES, NOTHIN' SAYS YOU CAN'T BE INSPIRED BY MISS YEARLIN'. NOTHIN' AT ALL.



CAN YOU TWO GO HAVE YOUR HEART-TO-HEART SOMEPLACE ELSE? I'M TRYING TO ENJOY A LIFE-THREATENING SITUATION HERE!





ROUND ONE:

FIGHT!



WHOA! IF WE'RE PARTICIPATING IN A LOCAL KARATE TOURNAMENT WHOSE OUTCOME WILL AFFECT THE REST OF OUR LIVES, COUNT ME IN!











ART BY AGNES GARBOWSKA COLORS BY SILVANA BRYs



ART BY JENNA AYOUB











SEVERAL HOURS LATER.

--AND THAT'S WHY YOU SHOULD NEVER EAT GREEN FOOD ON DAYS THAT END IN Y!

AND WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN, JO?

UH, LOOK, THAT SHOULD BE ENOUGH TO GET YOU TO FATHER AND HELP PLAN THE BEST PARTY EVER.

AW, JO! THAT'S THE KINDEST, MOST SWEETEST THING ANYPONY HAS EVER DONE FOR ME, AND I'M INCLUDING THE TIME WITH THE GIANT INFLATABLE WAFFLE BALLOONS--

HOW'D YOU GET SO MUCH MONEY, MY DEAR?

LOOK, IT'S NOT A BIG DEAL, OKAY? I JUST SOLD THE COLOR OUT OF MY MANE TO SOME OF THE PAINTERS IN TOWN. IT'S NOT LIKE IT WON'T GROW BACK. EVENTUALLY.

OH, JO, YOUR MANE, YOUR BEAUTIFUL MANE!

JO, HOW COULD YOU?! YOUR ONE BEAUTY!

THANK YOU, JO. YOU'VE REMINDED ME WHY WE PLAN PARTIES IN THE FIRST PLACE--TO BRING CREATURES TOGETHER AND HELP THEM THROUGH TRYING TIMES. I SHALL NEVER SIGN A TEN-MOVIE DEAL TO CREATE A MARMEE CINEMATIC UNIVERSE, AND I SHALL HEAD OUT FOR THE FRONT TONIGHT!

IF I'M LUCKY, I'LL BE ABLE TO TAKE THE TWO A.M. PARTY CANNON STRAIGHT ON TILL MORNING.

WRONG BOOK, PINKIE.

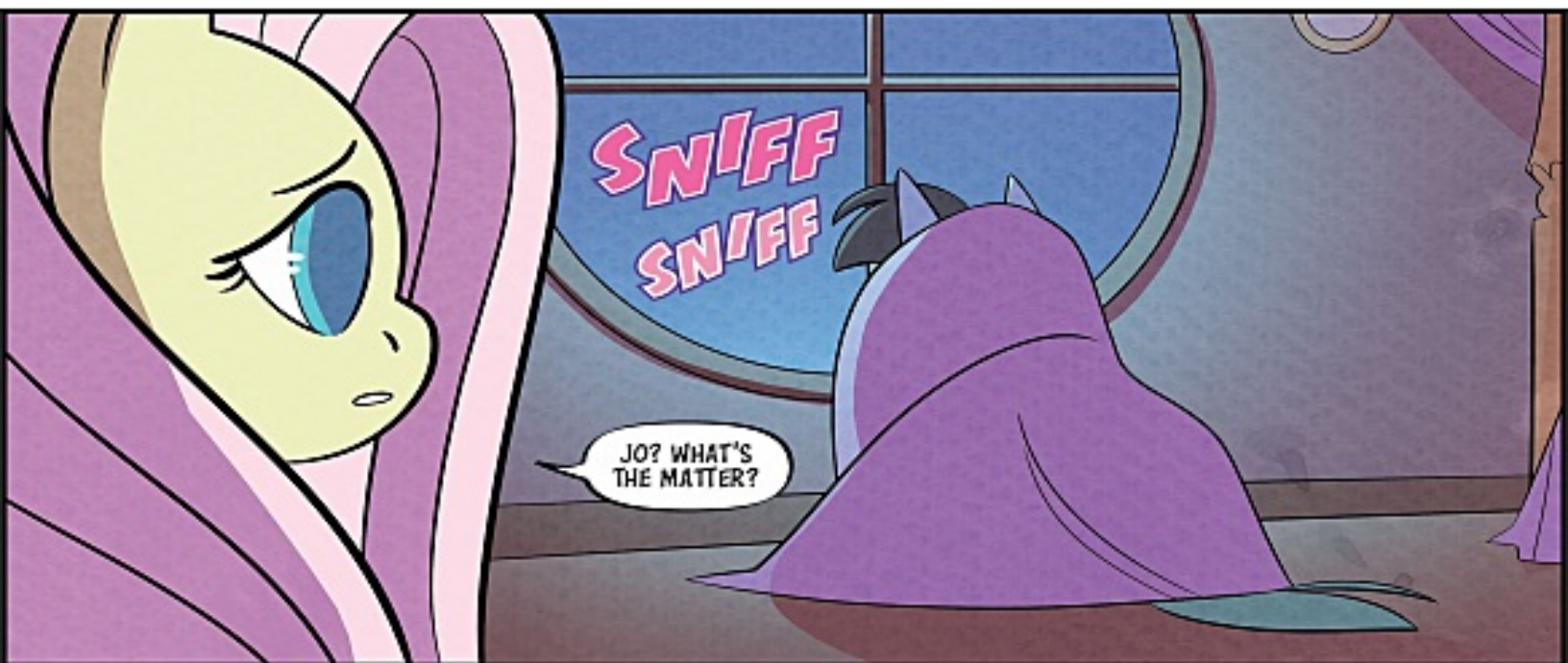
THAT NIGHT.

SNIFF
SNIFF



SNIFF
SNIFF

JO? WHAT'S
THE MATTER?



I DON'T WANT MARMEE
TO HAVE TO GO, OR FATHER
TO BE IN TROUBLE,
AND—AND I WANT MY
RAINBOW BACK!

AND
I'D DO IT
AGAIN!

...I KNOW I'M
JUST BEING SILLY. BUT
I REALLY DON'T FEEL
LIKE MYSELF.

OH, I KNOW, JO,
BUT IT WAS A SUCH
A BRAVE AND AMAZING THING
YOU DID FOR MARMEE! FATHER
TOO! NOT TO MENTION ALL
THOSE POOR CATS
AND DOGS...





THE NEXT DAY.



MARMEE'S ONLY BEEN GONE A DAY AND ALREADY EVERYTHING'S IN SHAMBLES! I CAN'T FIND ANY OF MY SEWING SUPPLIES. SHE USUALLY ORGANIZES EVERYTHING!

THERE MUST BE A METHOD TO MARMEE'S MADNESS. WE JUST HAVE TO FIND IT.



METHOD? SHE'S SUBSCRIBED TO EVERY MAGAZINE FROM HERE TO MANHATTAN. AND HALF OF THESE ARE ABOUT UNDERWATER BASKET WEAVING!

TWEET TWEET
TWEET

WHAT'S THAT, CONSTANCE? ANGEL BUNNY'S HUTCH IS FLOODING?!



UM, WOULD ANYPONY LIKE TO COME WITH ME TO THE LAURENCE ESTATE? IT APPEARS TO BE FLOODING, AND I'M WORRIED ABOUT THE ANIMALS.

I'M SORRY, BETH, BUT I'VE GOT SO MUCH LEFT TO CLEAN! JO, WHY DON'T YOU GO?

IT'S GONNA TAKE ME THE REST OF THE DAY TO SORT THROUGH THIS MAIL. 'SIDES, BETH, IT'S JUST A LITTLE WATER!

I'M AFRAID I'M INCLINED TO AGREE WITH JO ON THIS ONE, DEAR. IT'S NOT WORTH CATCHING A COLD!









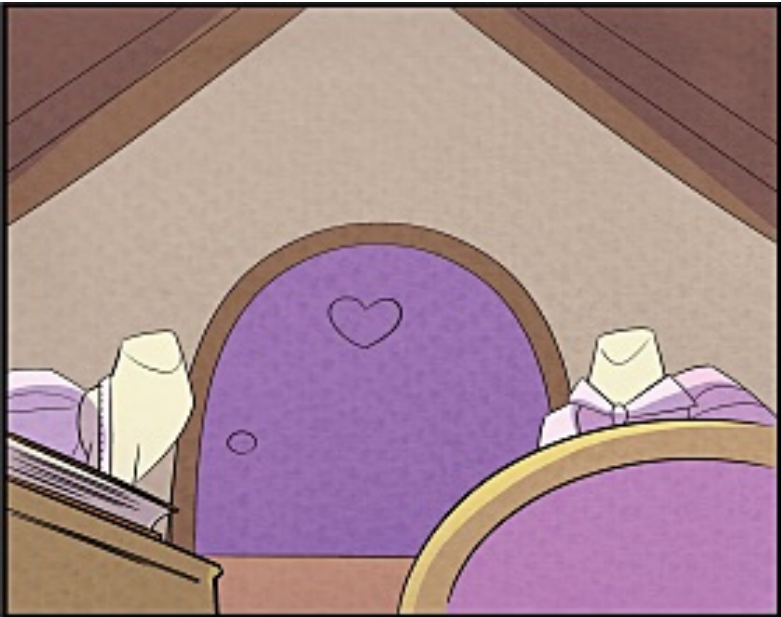


DEAD









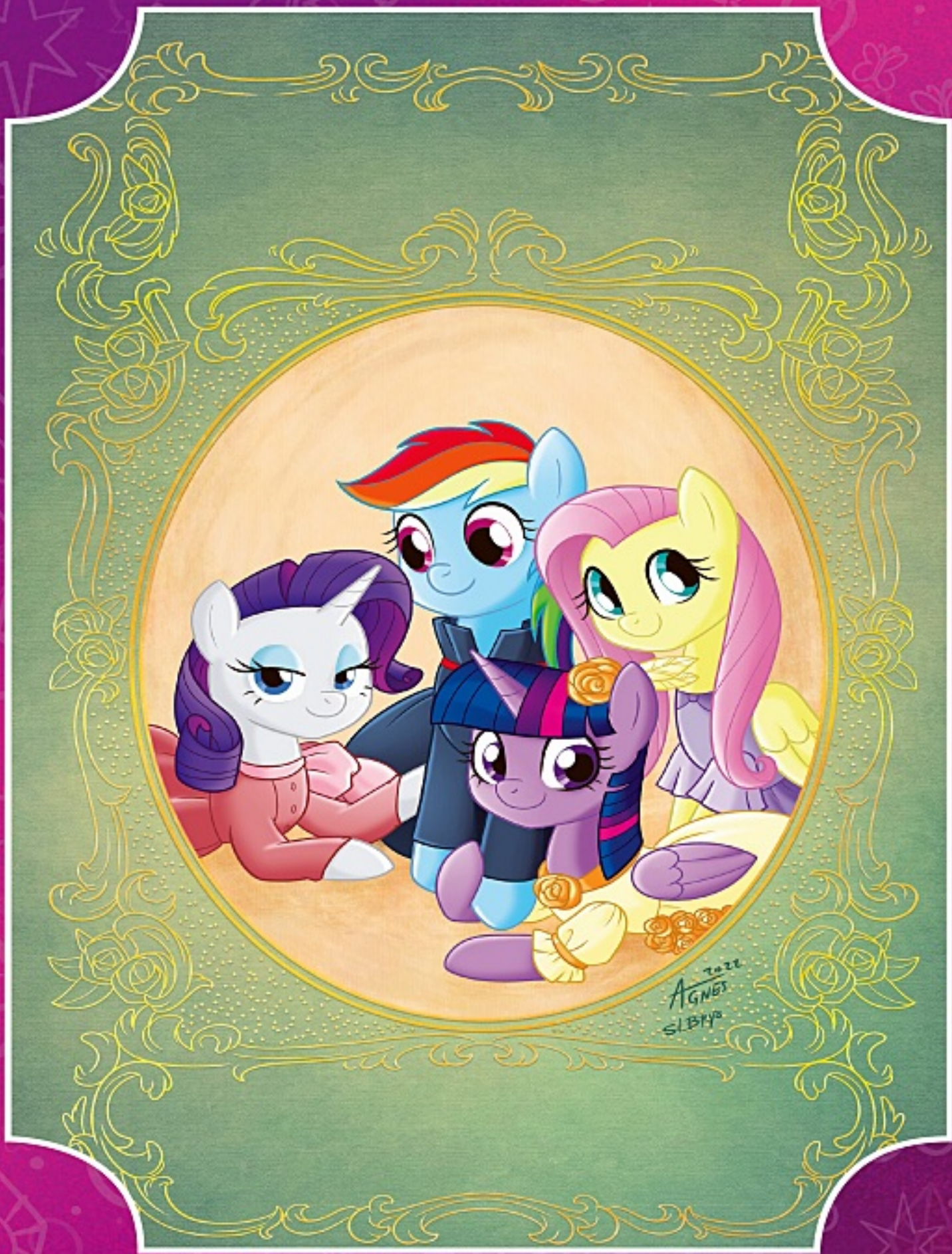


THE BRONCORD GAZETTE.





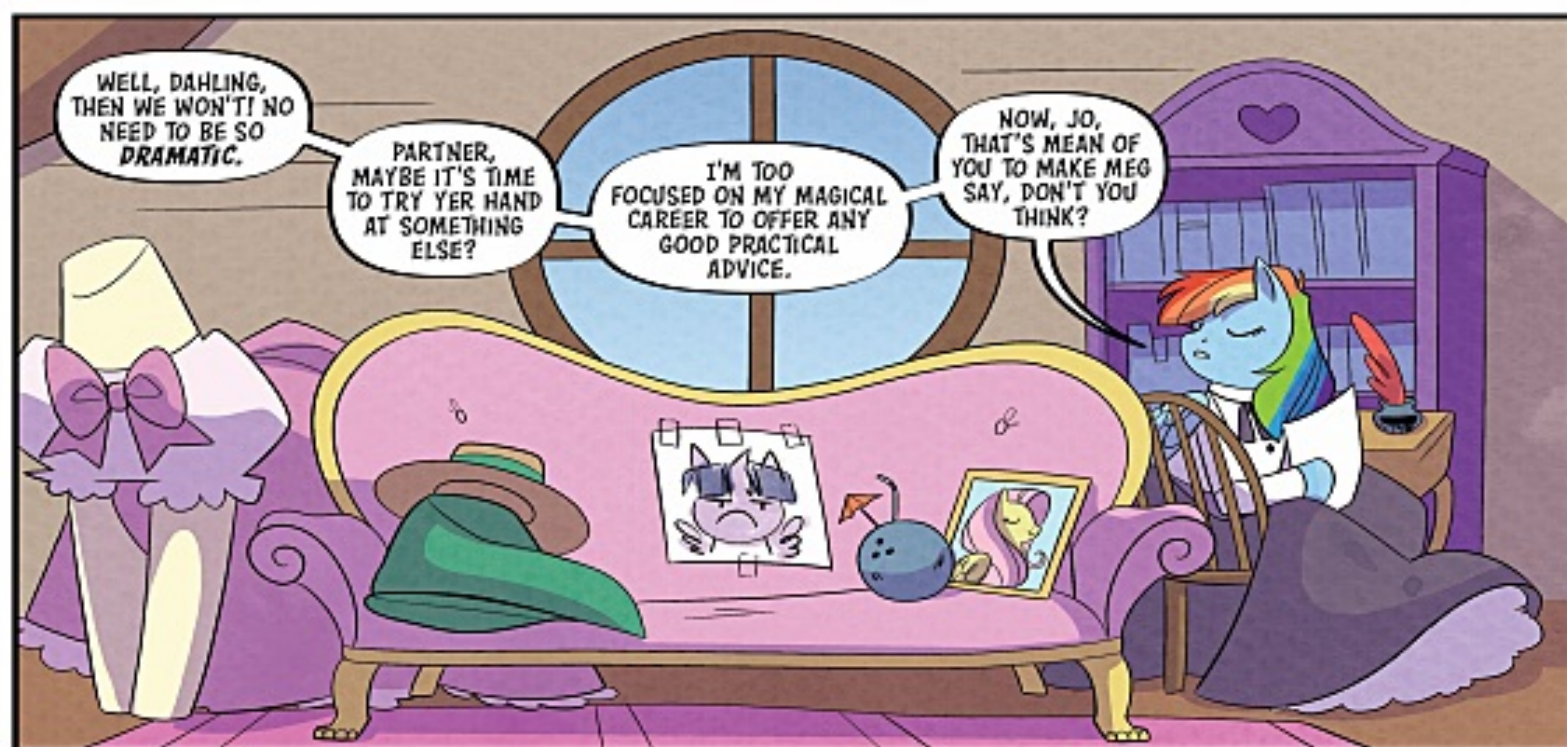




ART BY AGNES GARBOWSKA COLORS BY SILVANA BRY'S



ART BY JENNA AYOUB







Manhattan, November.

Dear Marmee,

I hate to say it, but
I think you were right:
I feel loads better.

My students are great! Er, until they start
bickering, and then they kinda remind me
of, well...us.

I hope Amy's doing okay.

Anyway, I'm also keeping busy
writing stories for the local
paper, **THE WEEKLY VOLCANO!**
It's going pretty well, if I do
say so myself.

THUMP

I know I said I'd send you
some copies, but turns out
I keep missing the, uh, mail
pony. Maybe next time.

I miss everypony, but I'm
gonna send letters every day,
so y'know...you should, too.

I'll see you all soon.

Love, Jo

CRASH



HA HA! HOW
DID, UH, THAT GET
THERE--

...YOU DROPPED
IT.

HA HA!
BUT DID I?*

SWIPE

*SEE PAGE 4--ED.

I MEAN, IT'S NOT LIKE I READ THE WEEKLY
VOLCANO! I KNOW THE STUFF THEY PUBLISH ISN'T
LIKE, GREAT, IT'S SO...UH, BOMBASTIC, AND THERE'S
NOT MUCH MEANING BEHIND ALL THE STORIES, AND
SOMETIMES MY EDITORS JUST SAY STUFF LIKE,
"WRITE SOMETHING THAT SOUNDS LIKE AN A.K.
YEARLING STORY," AND--

NOT MY EDITORS!
DID I SAY MY EDITORS? I'VE
NEVER SEEN THIS PAPER
BEFORE IN MY LIFE!

*SEE P. 4 AND 5, PAGE 5, PANEL 2--E

STOP!!! IT!!!

I USED
TO WRITE FOR
THEM, TOO.

...YOU DID?
REALLY?

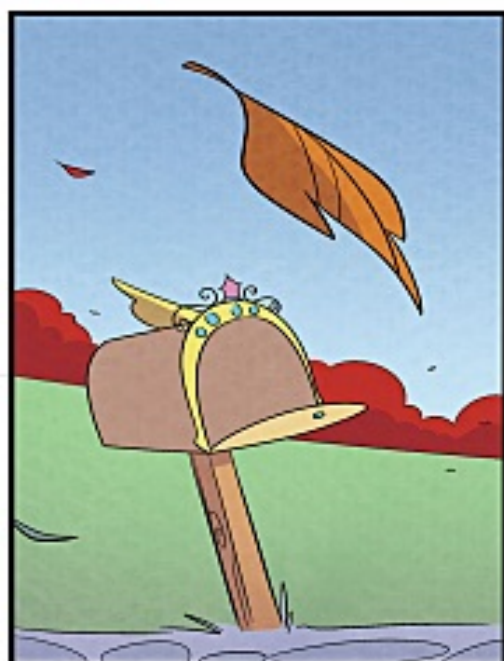
YEAH. IT'S BEEN
A BIT... WHEN I STARTED,
ALL THEY WANTED WERE
HORROR STORIES LIKE
STEVEN PRINCE'S.

CAN I
INTEREST YOU IN
SOME TEA?













*READER, SHE IS EXAGGERATING.—ED.













"Hearth's Warming won't be Hearth's Warming without any presents," grumbled Jo, lying on the rug.



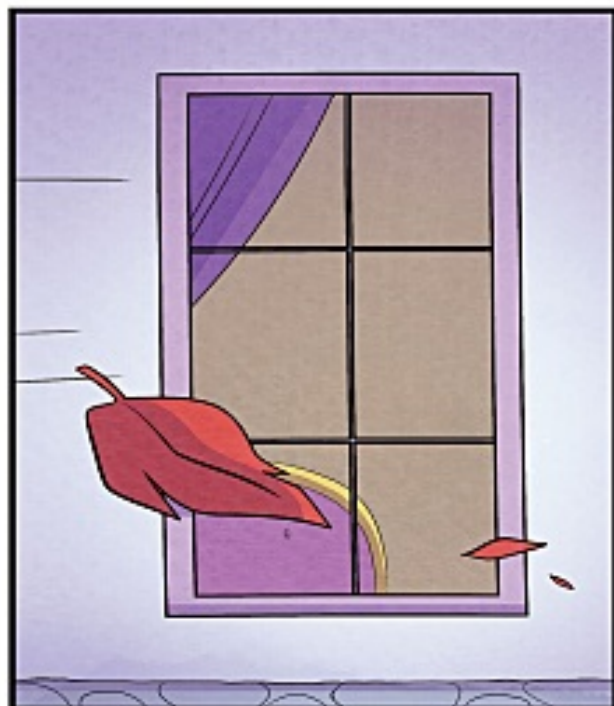
"It's so dreadful to be poor!" sighed Meg, looking down at her old dress.

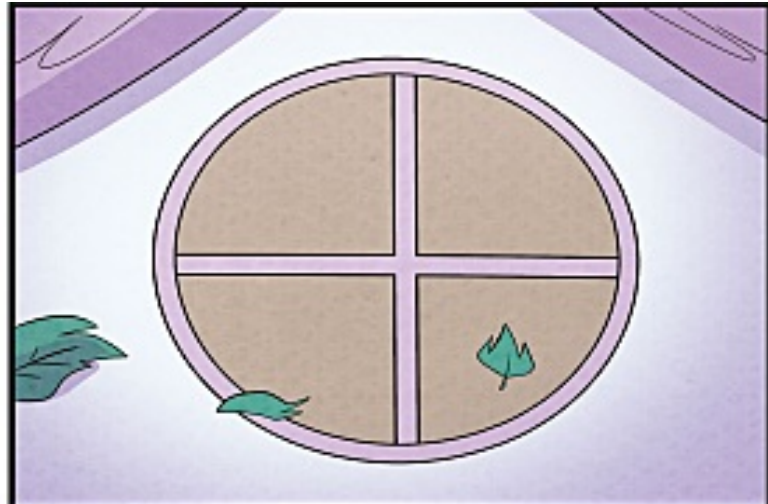


"I don't think it's fair for some fillies to have plenty of pretty things, and other fillies nothing at all," added little Amy, with an injured sniff.



"We've got Father and Mother, and each other," said Beth contentedly from her corner."







ART BY AGNES GARBOWSKA COLORS BY SILVANA BRYs



ART BY ROSE BOUSAMRA



ART BY ROSE BOUSAMRA



ART BY ROSE BOUSAMRA



ART BY ROSE BOUSAMRA

Little Women meets *My Little Pony* in this new graphic novel interpretation by Megan Brown and Jenna Ayoub of the literary classic about love, life, and sisterhood. Rainbow Dash, Twilight Sparkle, Fluttershy, and Rarity appear as the March sisters, who harbor dreams of life beyond Broncord, Massahoofetts.

Rainbow Dash yearns for excitement—something to write about. So when Applejack, the Marches' neighbor, arrives home with tales of eel-wrangling and apple-eating, Rainbow Dash and her sisters dare to hope for more. Soon, Twilight finds herself in conflict with high-society mage Trixie, Fluttershy contracts a nasty case of Pony Pox, and Rarity and Rainbow Dash are fighting about, well, everything. *Little Fillies* conveys a message that is as central to *My Little Pony* as it is to Louisa May Alcott's timeless novel: Nothing is more important than family.



**"A diverse female cast
with strengths and
flaws that make them
relatable."**

—Equestria Daily

IDW

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